

The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Oakley saw General Cornish off on the 7:15 train, and then went back to his hotel for breakfast. Afterward, on his way to the office, he mailed a check to Ezra Hart for his father. The money was intended to meet his expenses in coming west.

He was very busy all that day making out his new schedules and in figuring the cuts and just what they would amount to. He approached his task with a certain reluctance, for it was as unpleasant to him personally as it was necessary to the future of the road, and he knew that no halfway measure would suffice. He must cut, as a surgeon cuts, to save. By lopping away a man here and there, giving his work to some other man or dividing it up among two or three men, he managed to peel off \$2,000 on the year. He counted that a very fair day's work.

He would start his reform with no particular aggressiveness. He would retire the men he intended to dismiss from the road one at a time. He hoped they would take the hint and hunt other positions. At any rate, they could not get back until he was ready to take them back, as Cornish had assured him he would not be interfered with. He concluded not to hand the notices and orders to Miss Walton, the typewriter, to copy. She might let drop some word that would give his victims an inkling of what was in store for them. He knew there were unpleasant scenes ahead of him, but there was no need to anticipate. When at last his figures for the cuts were complete he would have been grateful for some one with whom to discuss the situation. All at once his responsibilities seemed rather heavier than he had bargained for.

There were only two men in the office besides himself—Philip Kerr, the treasurer, and Byron Holt, his assistant. They were both busy with the payroll, as it was the 6th of the month, and they commenced to pay off in the shops on the 10th.

He had little or no use for Kerr, who still showed where he dared in small things his displeasure that an outsider had been appointed manager of the road. He had counted on the place for himself for a number of years, but a



"You have done well," he said.

succession of managers had come and gone apparently without its ever having occurred to General Cornish that an excellent executive was literally spilling in the big, bare general offices of the line.

This singular indifference on the part of Cornish to his real interests had soured a disposition that at its best had more of acid in it than anything else. As there was no way in which he could make his resentment known to the general, even if he had deemed such a course expedient, he took it out of Oakley and kept his feeling for him on ice. Meanwhile he bided his time, hoping for Oakley's downfall and his own eventual recognition.

With the assistant treasurer Dan's relations were entirely cordial. Holt was a much younger man than Kerr, as frank and open as the other was secret and reserved. When the 6 o'clock whistle blew he glanced up from his work and said:

"I wish you'd wait a moment, Holt. I want to see you."

Kerr had already gone home, and Miss Walton was adjusting her hat before a bit of a mirror that hung on the wall back of her desk. "All right," responded Holt cheerfully.

"Just draw up your chair," said Oakley, handing his papers to him. At first Holt did not understand; then he began to whistle softly and fell to checking off the various cuts with his forefinger.

"What do you think of the job, Byron?" inquired Oakley.

"Well, I'm glad I don't get laid off, that's sure. Say, just bear in mind that I'm going to be married this summer."

"You needn't worry; only I didn't know that."

"Well, please don't forget it, Mr. Oakley."

Holt ran over the cuts again. Then he asked:

"Who's going to stand for this? You or the old man? I hear he was in town last night."

"I stand for it, but of course he approves."

"I'll bet he approves," and the assistant treasurer grinned. "This is the sort of thing that suits him right down to the ground."

"How about the hands? Do you know if they are members of any union?"

"No, but there'll be lively times ahead for you. They are a great lot of kickers here."

"Wait until I get through. I haven't touched the shops yet. That's to come later. I'll skin closer before I'm done." Oakley got up and lit his pipe. "The plant must make some sort of a showing. We can't continue at the rate we have been going. I suppose you know what sort of shape it would leave the town in if the shops were closed."

"Very poor shape, I should say. Why, it's the money that goes in and out of this office twice a month that keeps the town alive. It couldn't exist a day without that."

"Then it behooves us to see to it that nothing happens to the shops or road. I am sorry for the men I am laying off, but it can't be helped."

"I see you are going to chuck Hoadley out of his good thing at the Junction. If he was half white he'd a gone long ago. He must lay awake nights figuring how he can keep decently busy."

"How do you think it's going to work?"

"Oh, it will work all right, because it has to, but they'll all be cussing you," with great good humor. "What's the matter anyhow? Did the old man throw a fit at the size of the payroll?"

"Not exactly, but he came down here with his mind made up to sell the road to the M. and W."

"You don't say so?"

"I talked him out of that, but we must make a showing, for he's good and tired and may dump the whole business any day."

"Well, if he does that there'll be no marrying or giving in marriage for me this summer. It will be just like a Shaker settlement where I am concerned."

Dan laughed. "Oh, you'd be all right, Holt. You'd get something else or the M. and W. would keep you on."

"I don't know about that. A new management generally means a clean sweep all round, and my berth's a pretty good one."

In some manner a rumor of the changes Oakley proposed making did get abroad, and he was promptly made aware that his popularity in Antioch was a thing of the past. He was regarded as an oppressor from whom some elaborate and wanton tyranny might be expected. While General Cornish suffered their inefficiency, his easy going predecessors had been content to draw their salaries and let it go at that, a line of conduct which Antioch held to be entirely proper. This new man, however, was clearly an upstart, cursed with an insane and destructive ambition to earn money for the road. Suppose it did not pay. Cornish could go down into his pocket for the difference, just as he had always done.

What the town did not know and what it would not have believed even if it had been told was that the general had been on the point of selling, a change that would have brought hardship to every one. The majority of the men in the shops owned their own homes, and these homes represented the savings of years. The sudden exodus of two or three hundred families meant of necessity widespread ruin. Those who were forced to go away would have to sacrifice everything they possessed to get away, while those who remained would be scarcely better off. But Antioch never considered such a radical move as even remotely possible. It counted the shops a fixture. They had always been there, and for this sufficient reason they would always remain.

The days wore on, one very like another, with their spring heat and lethargy. Occasionally Oakley saw Miss Emory on the street to bow to, but not to speak with. While he was grateful for these escapes he found himself thinking of her very often. He fancied—and he was not far wrong—that she was finding Antioch very dull. He wondered, too, if she was seeing much of Ryder. He imagined that she was, and here again he was not far wrong. Now and then he was seized with what he felt to be a weak desire to call, but he always thought better of it in time and was always grateful he had not succumbed to the impulse. But her mere presence in Antioch seemed to make him dissatisfied and resentful of his limitations. Ordinarily he was not critical of his surroundings. Until she came, that he was without companionship and that the town was given over to a deadly inertia which expressed itself in the collapsed ambition of nearly every man and woman he knew had scarcely affected him, beyond giving him a sense of mild wonder.

(To Be Continued.)

If you have an aim in life, you can't afford to waste any time hating people.

DUDES OF OTHER DAYS

Details of a Dandy's Costume a Hundred Years Ago.

A cure for the confirmed railer against modern dress might be a course of inspection through a file of old-fashion magazines or the perusal of such accounts as are given by the author of "Sketches of Lynn." The description is that of a suit worn in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The boots were an important article of dress. The toes were made as broad as the ball of the foot, with the corners well rounded, giving the shoe the resemblance to the snout of a shovel-nosed shark. They were very snug and required strong straps. In order to get into a fashionable pair, the heel of the stocking was well soaped and some pulverized soap sprinkled into the boot. The length of time it took to get one on depended on the strength of the owner and the strap.

The stylish overcoat displayed five capes one above the other. The trousers were expected to fit as tight as the skin. Just how they were put on is a mystery. The coat was especially snug under the sleeves, and the velvet collar scraped up the back of the hand. The camel overcoats, after a little wear, became as stiff as birch bark.

The thing worn about the neck was called a stock. This name was appropriate in its suggestion of an instrument of punishment. The stock was from three to six inches high, and was made stiff. A man was forced to look straight ahead. Only by careful management could he see a little on either side. About half-way between his eyes and ears two little points of collar stuck up like toothpicks.

Ruffled bosoms and waistbands finished the costume, with the addition of a tall silk hat. When inclosed in this manner, with a dash of attar of roses on his handkerchief, the man of the period was considered irresistible.

RESTRAINED RAGE.

In This Case It Was Postponement Merely.

"In a match game, in an argument, in everything," said Walter J. Travis, the famous golfer, "it pays to keep cool. No matter how greatly you may be exasperated, you will make out better if you restrain your rage."

"There was once a man who saw a waiter in a fashionable restaurant spill a tureen of tomato soup all over a young woman's white gown."

"The young woman, instead of flying into a passion, smiled. She said it didn't matter. She continued to eat and to talk as though nothing had happened."

"This so impressed the man that he got an introduction to the young woman, proposed to her at the end of a month or so and was accepted."

"Some time after the marriage he spoke of the tomato sauce accident."

"I shall never forget it," said the bride.

"Your conduct," said the man, "caused me to determine to marry you if you would have me."

"She smiled."

"I remember," she said, "that I did behave very well at the time, but I wish you could have seen the marks of my teeth on the bedstead that night."—New York Tribune.

JOCKEY'S VALET

Makes Fortune Backing His Master's Mounts.

It's a big leap from an attendant for a jockey to an owner of a big string of race horses worth \$40,000, but Charley Ellison, of Chicago, has made it successfully and is now one of the richest horse owners in America.

Less than twelve years ago "Big Blond Charley," as he is called by turfmen, was looking after the boots and riding tackle of Tommy Burns, the jockey. He was officially the rider's valet, but in reality he was more of a companion than Burns' "man." He held the position only because it brought him into closer touch with owners and opened up an avenue to learn their secrets regarding the speed of their horses.

This information Ellison eagerly sought, for he was a plunger by inclination, even if his resources at first consisted of his insignificant salary. It was not long before he had a big bank account. Burns was lucky in those days and rode many a winner on the race tracks of the south and west. Aware of the quality of Burns' mounts Ellison backed them heavily and soon had more money to his credit than his jockey employer.

A German editor, one of our late guests, records his impression that the British army is merely a luxury for times of peace. People who have tried conclusions with it in time of war have usually decided that it was a luxury with which they could dispense.—London News.

Half our troubles are the offspring of fear.

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RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.			
Corrected May 30, 1900			
South Bound	101	102	121
Lv. Cincinnati	8:00am	6:00pm	7:21am
Lv. Louisville	12:01pm	6:30pm	9:05am
Lv. Owensboro	2:26pm	12:08am	11:05am
Lv. Horse Branch	4:30pm	1:00am	12:30pm
Lv. Central City	6:30pm	1:40am	1:20pm
Lv. Nortonville	8:30pm	2:20am	2:00pm
Lv. Evansville	10:30pm	3:00am	2:40pm
Lv. Nashville	12:30am	3:40am	3:20pm
Lv. Hopkinsville	2:30am	4:20am	4:00pm
Lv. Princeton	4:30am	5:00am	4:40pm
Ar. Paducah	6:10pm	6:40am	6:15pm
Ar. Paducah	6:15pm	6:45am	6:20pm
Ar. Fulton	7:30pm	8:00am	6:30pm
Ar. Gibson, Tenn.	8:00pm	8:30am	6:40pm
Ar. Rives	8:30pm	9:00am	6:50pm
Ar. Memphis	9:30pm	10:00am	7:00pm
Ar. N. Orleans	10:30am	11:00am	7:10pm
North Bound	102	104	122
Lv. N. Orleans	7:10pm	8:15am	7:21am
Lv. Memphis	8:45am	8:50pm	7:31am
Lv. Jackson	9:00am	9:10pm	7:41am
Lv. Rives	9:15am	1:00pm	7:51am
Lv. Fulton	10:15am	12:35pm	8:00am
Ar. Paducah	11:20am	1:40am	7:40am
Ar. Paducah	11:25am	1:45am	7:50am
Ar. Princeton	12:30pm	2:00am	8:20am
Ar. Hopkinsville	2:15pm	2:40am	8:30am
Ar. Nashville	3:15pm	3:40am	8:40am
Ar. Evansville	3:45pm	4:10am	8:50am
Ar. Nortonville	4:15pm	4:40am	9:00am
Ar. Central City	4:45pm	5:10am	9:10am
Ar. Horse Branch	5:15pm	5:40am	9:20am
Ar. Owensboro	5:45pm	6:10am	9:30am
Ar. Louisville	6:15pm	6:40am	9:40am
Ar. Cincinnati	6:45pm	7:10am	9:50am

ST. LOUIS DIVISION			
North Bound	101	102	121
Lv. Paducah	12:00pm	12:30pm	1:00pm
Ar. Carbondale	4:00pm	4:30pm	5:00pm
Ar. Chicago	6:00pm	6:30pm	7:00pm
Ar. St. Louis	8:00pm	8:30pm	9:00pm
South Bound	102	104	122
Lv. St. Louis	7:00am	7:30am	8:00am
Lv. Chicago	9:00am	9:30am	10:00am
Ar. Carbondale	11:00am	11:30am	12:00pm
Ar. Paducah	1:00pm	1:30pm	2:00pm

CAIRO-NASHVILLE LINE.			
North Bound	101-801	102-802	121-803
Lv. Nashville	8:10am	8:40am	9:10am
Lv. Hopkinsville	11:30am	12:00pm	12:30pm
Lv. Princeton	2:30pm	3:00pm	3:30pm
Ar. Paducah	4:15pm	4:45pm	5:15pm
Ar. Paducah	6:15pm	6:45pm	7:15pm
Ar. Cairo	7:45pm	8:15pm	8:45pm
Ar. St. Louis	9:30pm	10:00pm	10:30pm
Ar. Chicago	11:30pm	12:00am	12:30am
South Bound	102-802	104-804	122-804
Lv. Chicago	6:30pm	7:00pm	7:30pm
Lv. St. Louis	9:40pm	10:10pm	10:40pm
Lv. Cairo	11:30pm	12:00am	12:30am
Ar. Paducah	7:45am	8:15am	8:45am
Ar. Paducah	9:45am	10:15am	10:45am
Ar. Princeton	11:30am	12:00pm	12:30pm
Ar. Hopkinsville	1:30pm	2:00pm	2:30pm
Ar. Nashville	3:30pm	4:00pm	4:30pm

TWIN BRIDGES.			
North Bound	101-801	102-802	121-803
Lv. Nashville	8:10am	8:40am	9:10am
Lv. Hopkinsville	11:30am	12:00pm	12:30pm
Lv. Princeton	2:30pm	3:00pm	3:30pm
Ar. Paducah	4:15pm	4:45pm	5:15pm
Ar. Paducah	6:15pm	6:45pm	7:15pm
Ar. Cairo	7:45pm	8:15pm	8:45pm
Ar. St. Louis	9:30pm	10:00pm	10:30pm
Ar. Chicago	11:30pm	12:00am	12:30am
South Bound	102-802	104-804	122-804
Lv. Chicago	6:30pm	7:00pm	7:30pm
Lv. St. Louis	9:40pm	10:10pm	10:40pm
Lv. Cairo	11:30pm	12:00am	12:30am
Ar. Paducah	7:45am	8:15am	8:45am
Ar. Paducah	9:45am	10:15am	10:45am
Ar. Princeton	11:30am	12:00pm	12:30pm
Ar. Hopkinsville	1:30pm	2:00pm	2:30pm
Ar. Nashville	3:30pm	4:00pm	4:30pm

Trains marked thus * run daily except Sunday. All other trains run daily. Trains 101 and 102 carry through sleepers between Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 101 and 102 sleepers between Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 801 and 802 sleepers between Paducah and St. Louis. Train 801 connects at East Ca. to with Chicago sleeper. For further information address J. T. Donovan, agent, city ticket office, or R. N. Frasier, ticket agent, Union Depot, Paducah. P. W. Harlow, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.; John A. Scott, A. G. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.; S. G. Hatch, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Brill, E. A. St. Louis Mo.

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